THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 21, 1793.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

IF you think the following hiftorical account, relative to the foreft or chafe, commonly called Cranborne Chafe, in the county of Dorfet, deferves a place in your Entertainer, you will infert it.

I am, your's, &c,

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Particulars relative to the Foreft or Chafe, commonly called Cranborne Chafe.

FORESTS are of fuch antiquity, that, excepting the New Foreft in Hampfhire, erected by William the Conqueror, and Hampton Court, erected by Henry VIII. it is faid, that there is no record or hiftory which makes any certain mention of their erection, though they are mentioned by feveral writers, and in feveral of our laws and ftatutes.

The firft account that we find of this foreft or chafe is, that Brietie, King of the Weft Saxons, was Lord of Cranborne, and his large poffeffions were feized by William the Conqueror—hence it was efteemed a Member of the Honor of Gloucefter and Manor of Cranborne.

This honor was one of the moft confiderable in England, and Cranborne the chief manor that belonged to it.

An honor was a feudal patrimony or barony of the higher rank of Barons, which bore the name of its capital ſeat, or of its baron—as a manor contained many fees, tenements, cuſtoms, and ſervices; ſo an honor comprehended many manors, knights, fees, and royalties.—Madox's Hiſtory of the Exchequer, p. 322.

After it had been ſo ſeized the whole honor and 440 manors, in ſeveral counties, were given to Alan Earl of Brittany, who came over with the Conqueror, and who was afterwards made Earl of Richmond. This Alan was the ſon of Ende Earl of Brittany: But the ſame did not long continue in the family of Alan, for it was ſoon afterwards given to Queen Maud, wife of the Conqueror; then, at her death, it paſſed to King William, and remained in the Crown until William Rufus gave it to Robert Fitz Hamom, who was nephew to the Conqueror, and who was poſſeſſed thereof untill his death in 1107. He left four daughters, his heireſſes.

King Henry I. unwilling ſo great an honor ſhould be ſhared amongſt women, made two of them Abbeſſes, married another to the Earl of Brittany, and the eldeſt he reſerved for his own illegitimate ſon Robert, whom he created firſt Earl of Glouceſter after the conqueſt, and gave him the whole honor, &c.

He is by ſome hiſtorians ſtiled Conſul of Glouceſter. The ſame remained in him until his death in 1147, when William, his eldeſt ſon and ſucceſſor, poſſeſſed it, until his death in 1173. He left three daughters, viz. Mabel, who was married to the Earl of Eureax; Amicia to Richard de Clare Earl of Hertford; and Iſabella. Then, during the minority of John, the youngeſt ſon of Henry II. (whom he made heir thereof, leſt the ſame ſhould be divided amongſt the ſaid daughters) the honor of Glouceſter and its members were kept by the King for ſix years; and in the laſt year of his reign he married his ſon John to Iſabella, the youngeſt daughter, and gave the honor and Earldom to him, which he held all his brother Richard's reign. After he came to the crown, having no iſſue, he procured a divorce from his Queen, but kept the honor and its members, the caſtle, &c. in his own hands. It does not appear when King John ſurrendered theſe poſſeſſions: but Iſabella and Almaric, ſon to the Earl of Eureaux, dying without iſſue, the title devolved to Amicia, wife of Richard de Clare, Earl of Hertford.

Several diſputes were had with the ſaid Richard de Clare, Earl of Glouceſter and Hertford, for 34. H. 3. Agnes, Abbeſs of St. Edward, in Shaſton, being ſeized (*inter alia*) of the

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manor of Iwerne, &c. by a writ, issued against the said Earl, demands why he exacted fealty of her woodwards, and denied them their reasonable estovers. These suits were compounded in the year following, and an agreement entered into between them, that the woodwards of the Abbess, at Hanley, Iwerne, and Fontmel, should, at their first creation, come to the Earl's courts, and swear that they would behave themselves faithfully towards his venison, and make known to his bailiffs, &c. all offenders against such, and their receivers within the chase. The Earl agrees, that the Abbess and her men should have all manner of estovers to her abby, in her manors in the counties of Wilts and Dorset, through all her woods within the chase: so that she and her successors did not give or sell without the Earl's leave, nor cut any underwood to burn, or fence, between Pentecost and Michaelmas: and that his keepers should attach offenders in those woods without claim of the Abbess, but not attach her, or her servants, unless found with venison, &c. For this she paid 60 marks to the Earl.

The 3d of Edward the First the hundred of Gillingham made a presentment that, during the reign of Henry III. Richard de Clare, father of Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester, had exceeded the metes and bounds between the way to Shaston and Blandford, and the banks of the Stour, and did make attachments there, which never used or ought to be made, viz. Cheminage, at Bullbridge, and Ayleswade, (Harnham) Bridge. The Earl claimed to have free chase, &c. as appears by record, according to a perambulation formerly made; and to have a court for the said chase, and to hold pleas in it against offences in vert and venison; and to attach by their bodies offenders taken *cum manus opera, sel per suspicionem apertam*; and to take from such *qui super hundred fuerint* all kind of damages (*amendas*) in the said court; and that he and his ancestors had used these privileges time immemorial; when he had judgement and allowance of his claim to hold it according to the said former perambulation. These contests and presentments, no doubt, brought on the *quo warranto* which followed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

COLLOQUIAL BARBARISMS.

DR. JOHNSON was at all times jealous of infractions upon the genuine English language, and prompt to re-

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preſs colloquial barbariſms; ſuch as, *pledging myſelf*, for *undertaking*; *line*, for *department* or *branch*, as, the *civil line*, the *banking line*. He was particularly indignant againſt the almoſt univerſal uſe of the word *idea* in the ſenſe of *notion* or *opinion*, when it is clear that *idea* can only ſignify ſomething of which an image can be formed in the mind. We may have an *idea* or *image* of a mountain, a tree, a building; but we cannot ſurely have an *idea* or *image* of an *argument* or a *propoſition*.—Yet we hear the ſages of the law "delivering their *ideas* upon the queſtion under conſideration;" and the firſt ſpeakers in Parliament "entirely coinciding in the idea which has been ably ſtated by an honourable member;"—or "reprobating an *idea* unconſtitutional, and fraught with the moſt dangerous conſequences to a great and free country." Johnſon called this "modern cant."

He pronounced the word *heard*, as if ſpelt with a double *e*, *heerd*, inſtead of ſounding it *herd*, as is moſt uſually done. He ſaid, his reaſon was, that if it were pronounced *herd*, there would be a ſingle exception from the Engliſh pronunciation of the ſyllable *ear*, and he thought it better not to have that exception.

On the Study of the Hebrew Language.

[From Gilbert Wakefield's Memoirs of his own Life.]

DURING the long vacation of 1775, I indulged myſelf in a three weeks relaxation from the ſeverity of ſtudy at my father's houſe in Richmond. Still, however, wanting employment when I was there, and falling upon Lyons's Hebrew Grammar, I ſet myſelf with diligence to the acquirement of the Hebrew language. For four or five days did I puzzle myſelf with that intolerable book, not aware of the abominable ſtupidity, a ſtupidity which no words can ſufficiently ſtigmatize! of learning that language with the *points*. Moſt fortunately, however, for me, my father dined one day with Daniel Wray, Eſq. of Richmond, a well-informed man, who had been educated at Cambridge, and was an excellent linguiſt. I made known to him my embarraſſment reſpecting the acquiſition of the Hebrew. He expatiated on the extreme abſurdity of attending to the *points*; lent me Maſcleff's Grammar, and, in ten days time, I had read in my father's Polyglott, by the help only of Buxtorf's Lexicon, nine or ten chapters in Geneſis,

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without much difficulty, and with infinite delight. From that hour I kept up a conſtant cultivation of the Hebrew; without ſome knowledge of which tongue, no man, I venture to affirm, can have an adequate perception of the phraſeology of the New Teſtament.

In a little work, called Directions for the Students of Theology, I have ſufficiently diſcloſed the facility of that method, which I purſued; and ſhall therefore ſay no more in this place. Notwithſtanding this undeniable preference, many ſtill prefer their old Mumpſimus to our new Sumpſimus. The chief motive for the recommendation of points, in thoſe who underſtand them, is moſt obviouſly pride. They are not fond in the firſt place, of acknowledging themſelves miſtaken; and in the next, they cannot prevail upon themſelves to reject as uſeleſs, what has coſt them ſo much pains in the acquiſition.

The Hiſtory of Knowledge, Learning, and Taſte, in Great Britain, during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Part the Third.

[From the New Annual Regiſter, for the Year 1791.]

Continued from Page 37.

IN the reign we are treating of, we meet with the firſt examples that have occurred to us of memoir writing. A beginning was made by a famous Captain of the age, Sir Roger Williams, who publiſhed the "Actions of the Low Countries," being the ſcene of his military employments. He wrote, likewiſe "a brief Diſcourſe of War." His narrative has been well ſpoken of by competent judges. Another memoir writer was Sir Francis Vere, who was one of the greateſt heroes of a heroic age. Like Cæſar, he recorded his own exploits, and gave to his work the title of Commentaries, "being diverſe pieces of ſervice wherein he had command." We need not ſay that he did not attain to the glory of Cæſar as an author.—Sir Walter Raleigh drew up, in Queen Elizabeth's time, a report of the truth of the fight againſt the iſles of Azores, and a relation of the action at Cadiz; but the completion of his hiſtorical character was yet to come; and Camden's merit, in the ſame view, belongs to the next reign.

Hitherto (David Chambers excepted) we have confined our attention to thoſe who wrote hiſtory in Engliſh; but there

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were several authors who still gave the preference to the Latin language as the vehicle of their narrations. It was in that language that Humphrey Lluyd composed his Breviary of Britain, and his Chronicle of Wales. It was in the same language that Stanyhurst digested his four books concerning the Transactions of Ireland. Twyne acted in a similar manner with regard to his commentaries on the affairs of Albion, Britain, and England, as did Nevyle in his narrative, dedicated to Archbishop Parker, of the Norfolk insurrection under Kett. —John Lesly, Bishop of Ross, and the great and able advocate of Mary Queen of Scots, deserves to be mentioned with particular respect as a Latin historian. His history of his country, from the beginning of the nation to his own times, is a testimony both of his learning and judgment. This prelate has lately been brought into notice, and justice has been done to his character.—But of all the historians who, during this period, wrote in Latin, the first rank is due to George Buchanan. We enter not into the particular circumstances of his personal conduct. We do not deny that he has fallen into what was then the common error, of paying too much credit to early traditions. We do not mean to say that he was free from the influence of political prejudices and connections. These things we leave to be discussed by the angry controversialists of the present day. He has doubtless his faults: But as a beautiful writer of history in Latin, none of his contemporaries can be placed in competition with him. He may even be mentioned as a rival of the famed Roman historians. This praise will be granted him, whatever may be detracted from him in other respects, and this praise will be transmitted to the latest posterity.

Among the ecclesiastical historians of the reign, a just tribute of applause is due to John Fox, commonly called the martyrologist. In his Acts and Monuments of the Church, he has left a proof of literary diligence, united with a considerable portion of literary ability. That there should be some errors in so large a work will not be esteemed surprising, and his zeal for protestantism has occasionally carried him too far. But in general, he is a very faithful writer; and his authorities have stood the test of a rigid examination. The simplicity of the style, and the interesting narratives of those who suffered for their integrity, have preserved a popularity to the book, especially among the lower class of religious readers, which still continues.—Another ecclesiastical historian of this period was on the different side of the question, being attached to the

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Roman hierarchy. We mean Nicholas Harpsfeld, whoſe works, which are written in Latin, are now nearly forgotten, though the author is underſtood to have been a man of ability. His chief performance, which is a church hiſtory of England, is reported to be learned and laborious.

The biographical productions of the age do not make a diſtinguiſhed figure. John Pit's collections are not totally uſeleſs, though the errors of them are almoſt innumerable. He is diſgraced, likewiſe, by his extreme partiality in favour of Romiſh writers. Nevertheleſs, he has the merit of giving ſome deſirable information concerning ſeveral popiſh authors of this country, who lived abroad at the time of the reformation.—A life of St. Patrick of Ireland was publiſhed by Stanyhurſt, which we may conjecture not to have wanted a ſufficient portion of credulity.—A far more valuable performance was the life of the excellent Biſhop Jewel by Lawrence Humphrey. Theſe works were in Latin. There was no Engliſh biography at this time, or at leaſt very little, excepting the materials of that nature which might be collected from Fox's Book of Martyrs, and our general hiſtorians.

Antiquarian learning was diligently cultivated during the reign of Elizabeth. Several of the perſons whom we have ſpoken of as hiſtorical writers, deſerve to be particularly noticed as antiquaries. Boteville has had great applauſes beſtowed upon him in this view; and Twyne is entitled to equal praiſes.—As to Humphrey Lluyd, it is well known, that he ſuſtained an eminent rank in the ſame department of literature. His reſearches were deep and curious, and his writings are ſtill conſulted by thoſe who devote themſelves to the ſtudy of antiquities.—The chief work of John Stowe was his "Survey of London," which has paſſed through many editions; and, in the preſent century, has been republiſhed, with great advantage, by Strype. On this work have been founded the ſubſequent hiſtories of London; and, whatever commendations they may claim from their additions and improvements, a large portion of merit will ſtill belong to Stowe.—Archbiſhop Parker muſt not here be forgotten, who was not only a zealous and liberal encourager of antiquarian purſuits, but an excellent antiquary himſelf. Of this he exhibited ample proofs in his Treatiſe concerning the Antiquity of the Engliſh Church, and in his edition of four of our beſt old hiſtorians, Matthew of Weſtminſter, Matthew Paris, Aſſerius, and Thomas Walſingham.—Sir Henry Saville exerted himſelf in the ſame walk,

in his publication of ſeveral of the principal writers of Engliſh affairs after Bede.

In 1590, a ſociety of antiquaries was formed, which ſubſiſted to the year 1614, when it was diſſolved by the deſpotic jealouſy of King James the Firſt. Its peculiar object was, to illuſtrate whatever related to the hiſtory, laws, public offices, judicial courts, and cuſtoms of our country; and the members of it were moſt of them eminently qualified for the undertaking. Their diſcourſes are, in general, learned, judicious, and inſtructive; and, at the ſame time, they have the quality of being very conciſe. The writers of them chiefly confined themſelves to a ſimple repreſentation of facts, and they ſeem to have known nothing of the art of ſpreading a ſmall quantity of matter into a large ſpace. Some of the perſons who were ornaments of this ſociety, and particularly Sir Robert Cotton, Sir John Doddridge, and Selden, properly belong to the next reign. The moſt illuſtrious names, that fall under our preſent ſurvey, are thoſe of Agard and Camden, who were antiquaries of the firſt diſtinction. Arthur Agard's Eſſays on various curious objects, ſhew, that in Engliſh antiquities, he had few equals, and ſcarcely any ſuperiors.—It was in the period we are treating of that Camden publiſhed the firſt edition of his Britannia, the merit of which is univerſally known, and has again and again been teſtified by ſucceſſive republications. The popularity of the work is as great as ever, and learned men have eſteemed it an honour to have their names united with that of Camden.

(To be continued.)

Extraordinary Hiſtory of a Providential Deliverance.

A Foreign paper gives the following account of the interpoſition of Divine Providence in favour of a widow and her family, near Dordrecht, in the province of Holland. This induſtrious woman was left by her huſband, who was an eminent carpenter, a comfortable houſe, with ſome land, and two boats for carrying merchandize and paſſengers on the canals. She was alſo ſuppoſed to be worth above ten thouſand guilders in ready money, which ſhe employed in an hempen and ſail cloth manufactory, as the means not only of increaſing her fortune, but of inſtructing her children (a ſon and two daughters) in thoſe uſeful branches of buſineſs.

One night, about nine o'clock, when the workmen were gone home, a perſon dreſſed in uniform, with a muſquet and broad ſword, came to her houſe, and requeſted lodging. "I let no lodgings, friend," ſaid the widow; "and beſides, I have no ſpare bed, unleſs you ſleep with my ſon, which I think very improper, being a perfect ſtranger to us all." The ſoldier then ſhewed a diſcharge from Dieſbach's regiment, ſigned by the Major, who gave him an excellent character, and a paſſport from Comte de Mailliebois, Governor of Breda.

The widow believing the ſtranger to be an honeſt man, as he really was, called her ſon, and aſked him if he would accommodate a veteran, who had ſerved the republic thirty years with reputation, with a part of his bed. The young man conſented, and the ſoldier having been hoſpitably entertained, withdrew to reſt. Some hours after, a loud thumping was heard at the ſtreet door, which rouſed the ſoldier, who ſtole ſoftly down ſtairs, and liſtened in the hall. The blows were repeated, and the door almoſt broken through by a ſledge, or ſome heavy inſtrument. By this time, the affrighted widow and her daughters were running about, and ſcreaming, murder! murder! but the ſon having joined the ſoldier, with a caſe of loaded piſtols, and the latter ſcrewing on his bayonet, and freſh priming his piece, which was well filled with ſlugs, deſired the woman to retire, as bloody work might be expected in a few minutes.

Soon after, the door was burſt in, and two fellows entered, and were inſtantly ſhot by the ſon, who diſcharged both his piſtols at once.—Two more returned the favour from without, but luckily without effect; and the intrepid veteran taking immediate advantage of the diſcharge of their arms, ruſhing on them like a lion, ran one through the body with his bayonet, and while the other was running away, lodged the contents of his piece between his ſhoulders, and he dropped dead on the ſpot. They then cloſed the door as well as they could, reloaded their arms, made a good fire, and watched till day-light, when a number of weavers and ſpinners came to reſume their employment. We may gueſs their horror and ſurpriſe on ſeeing four men dead on a dunghill, whither the ſoldier had dragged them before the door was ſhut.

The Burgomaſter and his Syndic attended, and took the depoſitions of the family, relative to this affair. The bodies were buried in a croſs-road, and a ſtone erected over their grave, with this inſcription:—"Here lie the wretched carcaſes of four unknown ruffians, who deſervedly loſt their lives in an attempt to rob or murder a worthy woman and her family.

mily. A ſtranger who ſlept in the houſe, to which Divine Providence undoubtedly directed him, was the principal inſtrument in preventing the perpetration of ſuch horrid deſigns, which juſtly entitles him to a laſting memorial, and the thanks of the public. John Adrian de Vries, a diſcharged ſoldier, from the regiment of Dieſbach, a native of Middleburgh, in Zealand, and upward of ſeventy years old, was the David who ſlew two of theſe Goliaths; the reſt being killed by the ſon of the family. *In honorem, et gratitudinis ergo, Dei Optimi Maximi, pietatis et innocentiæ, ſummi protectoris—Magiſtratus et Concilium Civitatis Dortrechienſis hoc Signum poni curavere* XX. *Die Nov. Annoque Salutaris humani*, 1785."

The widow preſented the ſoldier with one hundred guineas, and the city ſettled a handſome penſion on him for the reſt of his life.

An Account of the Canal at Languedoc.

[From Phillips's General Hiſtory of Inland Navigation.]

THIS canal begins at Cette in the bay of Languedoc, and paſſes through the lake Thau to the town of Agde, where is a round canal baſon with three openings, and three different depths of water meeting there; and the gates or locks are of ſuch ingenious conſtruction, that the veſſel may paſs through by opening either of them, which the maſter pleaſes; a contrivance which excited admiration in the great Vauban himſelf.

Not far from Beziers, and beyond the tunnel already mentioned, are eight locks, which form a grand and regular caſcade nine hundred and ſixty feet long, and by means of which the veſſels croſs the river Orb, and, continuing their voyage on the canal, paſs the towns of Beuers, Argens, Treſbes, Orbiell, Alzenne, Villepinte, into a large baſon near Caſtlenaudury, which receives the river Lauder. At St. Ferriol, near the town of Reuel, Mr. Riquet conſtructed a reſervoir to ſupply the canal, containing five hundred and ninety-five acres of water, which is firſt embanked, and then the embankment walled round with free ſtone, between two rocky mountains. Under this dam runs a vaulted arch or ſewer, reaching to the main wall, where three large cocks of caſt braſs are turned, opened and ſhut by iron bars; theſe cocks diſcharge the water through their mouths, which are as large as a man's body, into the

aqueducts,

aqueducts, and the baſon at Norouſe, which is at the head of the navigation. The canal then deſcends from Norouſe by Avignenel, Monteſquieu, and Baziege, into the river Garonne by three locks, about a quarter of a mile below the city of Thoulouſe, which it paſſes. Its breadth is one hundred and forty-four feet, towing-paths included; its depth ſix feet, and its length ſixty-four French leagues. It is here to be obſerved, that Norouſe is the higheſt part of the navigation, being about ſix hundred feet above the level of the two waters, from whence the ground has almoſt one continued deſcent to them on each ſide. On this ſpot, as was before obſerved, Riquet made his baſon, and collected his waters; and hither he brought his current of water from the adjacent mountain by an aqueduct five leagues in length, which contained between five and ſix thouſand cubic inches; and this ſtream being diſtributed in the two canals laſt mentioned, forms, in every part, a body of water of above ſix millions of cubic feet.

When a veſſel or barge in its paſſage from Narbonne, after it has ſailed through the canal that traverſes the plain, has arrived at the foot of one of theſe locks, the gates are inſtantly opened, and the water ſo hemmed in ruſhes forth with impetuous violence, and, mixing with that in the canal, forms one common level: When the veſſel ſails into the lock and the gates are ſhut again, the water which deſcends from the upper lock riſes by ſlow degrees ſeveral feet in height, ſeldom leſs than ſeven or more than twelve; the veſſel accordingly riſes with it till it comes to a level with the water contained in the ſecond lock, by means of which a veſſel that is coming from Narbonne may paſs without any obſtruction out of the firſt lock into the ſecond; or one coming from Thoulouſe may be introduced out of the ſecond lock into the firſt, the gates of the ſecond lock being ſhut: The veſſel in the ſame manner mounts into the third; and thus it aſcends from lock to lock till it comes to the top of diſtribution, and then, by the ſame kind of conveyance, falls down to Thoulouſe. To preſerve the level, they have been frequently reduced to the neceſſity of turning and winding the canal round hills and riſing grounds, and to fortify it with an immenſe number of piles in thoſe places where the earth was likely to give way. This canal was conveyed by water bridges and ſtone arches over valleys; hills and mountains were levelled; while through others a paſſage was cut and arched over, large enough for the veſſels to paſs under with their cargoes, with lights and air-holes at proper diſtances.

Above twelve millions of cubic feet of earth, and more than thirty thousand cubic feet of solid rock, have been removed to hollow out its bed. It has on it an hundred and fourteen locks. Sixteen prodigious large mounds have been raised to divert the course of such waters as might any way obstruct the passage of vessels; and twenty-four large spacious drains have been made to empty it, whenever there shall be danger of its being clogged up, or too full. On a moderate computation, there are above two hundred and forty thousand cubic feet of stone work in these erections, including a projection into the sea of two hundred fathoms, and a pier of five thousand fathoms more, which at present secures the port of Cette, and renders it a very commodious harbour; the advantage of which is the greater, as the coast of Languedoc has no havens whatever, and is very dangerous.

Interesting Communications of the Society for discovering the Interior Parts of Africa, in the Year 1792.

THE consuls of Tunis and Morocco have confirmed the accounts which the society received from an Arab of the name of Shabeni, of an empire on the banks of the Niger, whose capital, Houssa, rivals the populousness and splendour of Cairo and London: Its government is monarchical, but limited; its justice directed by written laws, and the rights of landed property are guarded by hereditary officers, whose complicated functions imply an unusual degree of civilization and refinement.

Both at Tunis and Morocco, the eunuchs of the seraglio are brought from Houssa. The merchants of that capital are distinguished for their probity; but Shabeni remarks, with indignation, that the women were admitted to society, and the honour of the husband therefore insecure.

The art of writing is common at Houssa; the alphabet is entirely different from the Hebrew or Arabick; and their pottery is made by the ancient Grecian wheel.—In passing from Houssa to Tombuctoo, Shabeni found the banks of the Niger more populous than those of the Nile between Alexandria and Cairo.

Ambitious to substantiate these reports, and to explore the origin and course of the Niger, which might possibly open to Britain a commercial passage to rich and populous nations, the African Association sent Major Houghton, in the year 1790, with

with instructions to penetrate to the Niger by the way of the Gambia; and to visit the cities Tombuctoo and Houssa. The Major's journey from the Gambia to the kingdom of Bambouc, has enlarged the limits of European discovery, by the description of the intermediate kingdom of Bondou. He remarked with pleasure, the numerous and extensive population of this unvisited country; and observes, that the long hair and copper complexion of the inhabitants, announce their Arab original. They are a branch of the numerous tribe, that under the appellation of Foolies, overspread a considerable part of Senegambia. The religion is Mahommedan; but the greater portion of the people are said to deny the mission of the Prophet, and are called Deists or Drinkers, because they disdain the precept of abstaining from wine.—These Deists of the kingdom of Bondou, as well as those of the neighbouring countries of Woolli (whose capital is Medina) and Bambouck, are unmolested by the true Musselmen; both parties live equally at peace with each other, and mutually tolerate the opinions, which they respectively condemn.

The Major's first dispatches to the Society were written from African Medina. They were lost in a shipwreck, from which a sailor preserved a letter from the Major to his wife. In that letter he indulges the reflections arising from his past and present situations. A bilious fever had attacked him soon after his arrival in the Gambia; but his health was now unimpaired. A conspiracy had assailed his life; but the danger was past. He had sustained innumerable hardships in his journey; but he was now in possession of every advantage, which the kindness of the King of Woolli, and the hospitality of his subjects, could enable him to enjoy. Delighted with the healthiness of the country, the abundance of the game, the security with which he made his excursions on horseback, and above all, with the advantages which would attend the erection of a fort on the beautiful hill of Tetetenda, he expresses his earnest hope that his wife will accompany him to a place, in which an income of ten pounds per ann. will support them in affluence; and that she will participate with him in the pleasure of rapidly acquiring that vast wealth which he imagines its commerce will afford.

Mr. Smellie's Account of the Fox.

THE fox has, in all ages and nations, been celebrated for craftiness and address. Acute and circumspect, sagacious

cious and prudent, he diversifies his conduct, and always reserves some art for unforeseen accidents. Though nimbler than the wolf, he trusts not entirely to the swiftness of his course. He knows how to ensure safety, by providing himself an asylum to which he retires when danger appears. He is not a vagabond, but lives in a settled habitation, and in a domestic state. He takes up his abode on the border of a wood, and in the neighbourhood of cottages. Here he listens to the crowing of the cocks, and the noise of the poultry. He scents them at a distance. He chooses his time with great judgement and discretion. He conceals both his route and his design. He moves forward with caution, sometimes even trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition. When he leaps the wall, or gets in under it, he ravages the court-yard, puts all the fowls to death, and then retires quietly with his prey, which he either conceals under the herbage, or carries off to his kennel. In a short time he returns for another, which he conceals in the same manner, but in a different place. In this manner he proceeds till the light of the sun, or some movements perceived in the house, admonish him that it is time to retire to his den. He does much mischief to the bird-catchers. Early in the morning he visits their nets and their birdlime, and carries off successively all the birds that happen to be entangled. The young hares he hunts in the plains, seizes old ones in their seats, digs out the rabbits in the warrens, finds out the nests of partridges, quails, &c. seizes the mothers on the eggs, and destroys a prodigious number of game.

A Panegyrick on Mathematical Learning

[From Gilbert Wakefield's Memoirs of his own Life.]

HAPPY that man, who lays the foundation of his future studies deep in the recesses of geometry, ("that purifier of the soul," as Plato called it,) and in mathematical philosophy; compared with whose noble theories, I make no scruple to declare, our classical lucubrations are mean and groveling, undignified and destitute of beauty.—What subject of human contemplation shall compare in grandeur with that, which demonstrates the trajectories, the periods, the distances, the dimensions, the velocities, and gravitation of the planetary system; states the tides; adjusts the nutation of the earth, and contemplates the invisible comet wandering in his parabolic

orb

orb for ſucceſſive centuries in but a corner of boundleſs ſpace? which conſiders that the earth's diameter, of one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length, [meaning the diameter of its orbit,] is but an evaneſcent point at the neareſt fixed ſtar to our ſyſtem; that the firſt beam of the ſun's light, whoſe rapidity is inconceivable, may be ſtill traverſing the boſom of boundleſs ſpace? Language ſinks beneath contemplations ſo exalted, and ſo well calculated to inſpire the moſt awful ſentiments of the Great Artificer; of that Wiſdom, Providence, which can ſupport it; and that Power, which could launch from its hand bodies of a magnitude ſo prodigious, into their orbits!

——————— But I loſe
Myſelf in him, in light ineffable;
Come then, expreſſive ſilence! muſe his praiſe!

An Anecdote of Dr. Samuel Johnſon.

IN Dr. Johnſon's life, ſays Mr. Boſwell, there is a circumſtance ſomewhat romantic, but ſo well authenticated, that I ſhall not omit it.—A young woman of Leek in Staffordſhire, while he ſerved his apprenticeſhip there, conceived a violent paſſion for him; and though it met with no favourable return, followed him to Lichfield, where ſhe took lodgings oppoſite to the houſe in which he lived, and indulged her hopeleſs flame. When he was informed that it ſo preyed upon her mind that her life was in danger, he with a generous humanity went to her, and offered to marry her; but it was then too late. Her vital power was exhauſted; and ſhe actually exhibited one of the rare inſtances of dying for love. She was buried in the Cathedral of Lichfield; and he, with a tender regard, placed a ſtone over her grave with this inſcription:

Here lies the Body of
Mrs. Elizabeth Blaney, a Stranger.
She departed this life
20th of September, 1694.

Miſs Blaney muſt certainly have been ſtruck with the Doctor's mental accompliſhments, for his perſon and manners were far from attractive; ungraceful in his perſon, with a four countenance, and a ſingular roughneſs in his converſation, there was but little to be found in him calculated to excite a tender emotion in the heart of a fair damſel.

ANECDOTES *of* SKILFUL ARCHERS.

[From Moſeley's Eſſay on Archery.]

IT is reported of Domitian, that he would often place boys in the circus at ſome diſtance from him, and as they held out their hands, and ſeparated their fingers, he would ſhoot an arrow through either ſpace, without injury to the hand of him who acted target.

The feats recorded of Commodus are numerous; and he appears to have been one of the moſt expert archers hiſtory has made mention of. It is ſaid by Herodian, that his hand was unerring, both with the javelin and with the bow; and that the moſt experienced Parthian archers yielded to his ſuperior ſkill. He would kill all kinds of animals in the amphitheatre by way of exerciſe, and to ſhew the ſteadineſs of his arm. But it is obſerved, that he, in theſe caſes, generally preferred to ſhew his art, rather than his courage, as he ſecured himſelf on a place elevated beyond the reach of any attack which might have happened from his opponents. Stags, lions, panthers, and all ſpecies of beaſts, fell without number by his hand; nor was a ſecond arrow neceſſary, for every wound proved mortal. He would ſtrike an animal in any particular point he wiſhed with the greateſt accuracy, in the head or in the heart. A panther was ſometimes let looſe into the circus, where a criminal was placed; and juſt as the animal was going to ſeize the culprit, he would drive an arrow ſo opportunely, that the man ſhould eſcape unhurt. An hundred lions have been introduced at the ſame time upon the Arena, and with an hundred ſhafts he would lay them lifeleſs. He cauſed arrows to be made with heads curved in a ſemicircular figure, and with theſe he could cut off the neck of an oſtrich running in full ſpeed. This feat is, perhaps, the moſt difficult of the whole number, the oſtrich being extremely ſwift of foot, and having a neck of very ſmall magnitude. Herodian obſerves alſo, that when the Emperor amputated the head of one of thoſe animals, the ſtroke ſevered the parts ſo inſtantaneouſly, that the body ſometimes proceeded ſeveral paces, as if ſtill living, the motion not being immediately checked.

An anecdote recorded of a perſon whoſe name was Aſter, has immortalized him as one of the moſt expert of archers.

He poſſeſſed ſuch ſkill with his bow, that, as he ſaw Philip of Macedon among his troops, he wrote upon an arrow which he intended to ſhoot at that King, "Aſter ſends Philip a deadly arrow;" and having diſcharged it, ſtruck the right eye of Philip; but although the wound was not mortal, it deprived him of ſight on that ſide.

A very extraordinary, and perhaps in war one of the moſt uſeful archers, is ſpoken of by Zoſimus, in his account of the battle between Conſtantius and Magentius at Murſa. This ſoldier, whoſe name was Menelaus, poſſeſſed the art of ſhooting three arrows from his bow at one diſcharge, and with them could ſtrike three different perſons. By this ſkilful expedient (ſays the hiſtorian) he killed a great number of thoſe who oppoſed him; and the enemy, it might almoſt be ſaid, were defeated by a ſingle archer.

Some Account of the Opening of a Proteſtant Church in Languedoc in France, ſoon after the French Revolution.

[From Flower's Remarks on the French Conſtitution.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the violent meaſures formerly purſued to ſuppreſs the French Proteſtants, it is a fact, that they never effected the deſigned purpoſe. There are great numbers all over the kingdom, and the department of Languedoc, one of the moſt flouriſhing, contains upwards of 120,000.

Among the various reforms which have been made in the religious eſtabliſhment is that of reducing the number of pariſhes, conſequently of churches—every body knows that in the Catholic countries there are numbers of churches more than are neceſſary. At Paris there are eighteen which have been ſhut up and advertiſed, either for ſale or hire, to any religious community. The Proteſtants at Paris, as ſoon as toleration was granted them, loſt no time in aſſembling themſelves together. Their firſt meetings were held in a ſpacious room in one of the hotels; this was found too ſmall. As ſoon, therefore, as the churches were to be diſpoſed of they hired one for their greater convenience, and for conducting their worſhip in a more public manner. The church fixed upon was that of St. Louis de Louvre, a handſome oval building, formerly uſed by Louis the Fourteenth, and ſituated cloſe to the palace of the Thuilleries, as well as to that of which it bears

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the name. A few days previous to its being opened notice was given to the Department, who iſſued proclamations to the people, exhorting them to conduct themſelves like citizens of a free and enlightened nation. In this proclamation it was aſſerted, that the liberty now granted to the Proteſtants was not a matter of favour, but only the reſtoration of a right of which they had long been deprived.

It was Sunday, the 22d of May, which was devoted to the triumph of reaſon, philoſophy, liberty, and religion.

On my entering (ſays our author) the church I perceived that piety and prudence had united to prepare the place ſuitable for the audience. The pictures, with other inſtruments of idolatry, had been removed, but their vacancies were all filled with ſomething more edifying—over the main altar were placed the Ten Commandments of God; and in different parts the Lord's Prayer, and Apoſtles Creed, the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and the Duties of the Citizen. I had taken my ſtation only a few minutes before the church, which conveniently holds about 700 people, was completely crowded. I was afterwards informed many hundreds went away who could not gain admittance.

The firſt part of the ſervice conſiſted in reading the ſcriptures and in ſinging, the latter accompanied by the organ.— The 8th chapter of the Firſt Book of Kings, and the 2d chapter of St. Luke were, among other portions of ſcripture, read; and the 84th and the 122d Pſalms were ſung on the above occaſion. A circumſtance which, though many may think it trifling, gave me ſo much pleaſure that I cannot help mentioning it. It being the firſt time of aſſembling in this public manner there was a ſcarcity of prayer books; I perceived many lending their books to others, at the ſame time without inconvenience to themſelves. They had the Pſalms perfect in their hearts, and ſang them with their lips without difficulty. Many, I doubt not, then preſent had made the Pſalms of David their ſongs in the houſe of their pilgrimage. The Ten Commandments were read, during which the miniſter aſcended the pulpit. After ſinging another Pſalm a prayer was offered up, expreſſive of gratitude to the Deity for the mercies then vouchſafed, and entreating his preſence and bleſſing. The ſermon was then preached from Rom. chap. 13, verſe 12—"The night is far ſpent, the day is at hand: let us therefore caſt off the works of darkneſs, and let us put on the armour of light." Inſtead of entering into the particulars of the diſcourſe, I ſhall only obſerve, that the occaſion was great, and the preacher

well

well qualified to improve it. He ſhewed himſelf the philoſopher, the patriot, the orator, and the Chriſtian.

After ſermon, which laſted upwards of an hour, followed what is called the long prayer, in which the miniſter, after again expreſſing the moſt grateful praiſes and thankſgivings to God, for the peculiar favours of the day, poured forth the moſt earneſt petitions for the welfare and proſperity of the French empire—for the National Aſſembly—for the King and the Queen—the Departments—the Municipalities—the citizens—for the completion and ſtability of the conſtitution.

During the ſermon I could not but admire the peculiar animation of the preacher, and the fixed attention of the audience. But during the prayer both preacher and hearers were ſo uncommonly affected, that I believe there were few perſons, Proteſtants or Catholics, but were in tears; the Catholics were particularly affected with the occaſional prayer, as they have nothing of the kind in their own churches. When the prayer was concluded the belief was read, and two children were baptized. The whole ſervice concluded by ſinging a paraphraſe on the words of Simeon—"Lord, now letteſt now thy ſervant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation."—And ſurely never were words more applicable from the time they were firſt uttered by the aged Saint in the Temple, when he embraced the infant Saviour in his arms, than on the preſent occaſion.

[*Wiſhing to avoid being involved in a political diſpute, we have thought it more adviſeable to omit the introductory remarks; the further communications of this reſpectable correſpondent will, however, be acceptable, and ſhall meet with due attention.*

Anſwer, by R. Craze, at Chard Academy to W. Upjohn's Query, inſerted September 17.

SUPPOSE a tower to be built 100 feet high, and 20 feet in diameter, and that the earth's diameter is 42028800 feet, to which + twice 100 feet = 42029000. Then as 7 : 22 :: 42029000 : 132091142.857, the circumference of a circle including the earth and tower. As 7 : 22 :: 42028800 : 132090514 : 2857, which if it is divided by 20, the ſuppoſed diameter, it will give 66045257.14285 for a diviſor, and take 132091142.857 for a dividend, whoſe quotient is 20.000009517 feet, the diameter of the tower at the top,

 which

which plainly ſhews that its top is more than the bottom by .000009517 feet, therefore it is clear that the ſides are not parallel to each other, as alſo appears by the 43d and 44th paradoxes contained in Dilworth's Deſcription and Uſe of the Globes. Q. E. D.

‡†‡ We have received nearly the like anſwer from Fidelio, of Bath; and Smada, of Plymouth Dock.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to T. Giles's Charade, inſerted November 5.

WHILE winter reigns we view the dreary plains
All froze with *Ice*, and bound in brittle chains;
When Neptune's fury dwells beneath the deep,
Then rolling waves the troubled ocean ſweep;
The frothy breakers raiſe themſelves amain,
And fury's ſeen all o'er the wat'ry plain;
Towards ſome *Land* the ſhips their courſes keep,
And ride triumphant o'er the foaming deep;
'Midſt ocean's ſurges in convulſions roar,
And raging billows laſh cold ICELAND's ſhore.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from R. D. of St. Auſtell; J. Leverton, Penryn; M. Barret junior, of Exeter; Harriet Maria Symons, of Stonehouſe; H. C. Wade, Chard; S. Hill, near Dawliſh; M. Roberts, of Mr. Rowe's ſchool at Probus; W. Brewer, Taunton; H. Key, of R. Shellabear's ſeminary at Plymouth; W. Elliot, of Kingſbridge; W. H. of Dean Prior; T. Taylor, Bickington; J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Cary; I. Salter, Payhembury; O. S. of Briſtol; and William Smith, of Grampound.

Anſwer, by M. Roberts, of Mr. Rowe's School at Probus, to J. B. Chivers's Enigma, inſerted November 5.

BEHOLD the tinner's cherry face,
Fluſh'd by a glaſs of gin,
Becauſe the preſent times apace
Advance the price of TIN.

§*§ We have received the like anſwer from R. D. of St. Auſtell; T. Taylor, of Bickington; W. Hodgſon, of Tywardreath; and J. R. of St. Stephens.

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An ENIGMA, *by J. K. C. near Wells.*

READER, whoe'er thou art, my friend,
For old acquaintance ſake attend,
While I in turn my thoughts rehearſe,
In humble poetaſtic verſe.
For ſee our modern wits will make,
The lame to walk, the dumb to ſpeak;
And repreſent, as fancy itches,
E'en ſtocks and ſtones to prate like witches;
And thus exert their magic ſkill
To puzzle other folk at will;
So 'tis with me, an active fellow,
Who loves to get a little mellow;
And crack a joke, and tell a ſtory,
While ſtanders by reſound my glory;
Then join at once in hearty laughter,
Leaving dull care to ſtalk on after.
I love the ſocial ſons of mirth,
Who give ſweet ſmiling pleaſure birth;
With them I drain the flowing bowl,
Devoid and fearleſs of controul.
I'm ſuch a cunning dog that, mind me,
In every corner you may find me;
Go where you will I'm alſo there,
In ſhort you'll find me every where;
Oft in the pulpit, with the curate,
I convert ſinners moſt obdurate;
Exhorting them on ſin to trample,
And learn my precepts—not example;
Then like a Counſellor ſo big,
In long black gown and two-tail'd wig,
I for a fee would plead your cauſe,
And overturn all nature's laws.

Should ſickneſs bring you near your end,
I alſo then can ſtand your friend;
For I'm both doctor and phyſician,
And deal in phyſick by commiſſion;
I deal in ſcandal too as well,
That every one perhaps can tell;
Therefore beware, and uſe me civil,
For when offended I'm the Devil.

POETRY.

POETRY.

An Elegy, written in the Isle of Wight.

YE tow'ring hills, whose front sublime
The misty vapour often shrouds;
Whose summits, braving envious time,
Aspire to pierce the vagrant clouds.

Ye trees, that to the balmy gale,
Low murmuring, bow your verdant heads;
Ye lavish flowers, that scent the vale,
Where rosy health delighted treads.

Ye streams, that thro' the meadow stray,
In many a wild fantastic round,
Or sparkling urge your rapid way
O'er rocks with bending osiers crown'd.

Ye whitening cliffs, that o'er the main
In dreadful majesty arise;
Whose dangers to elude—in vain
Too oft the trembling sailor tries.

Each varied scene, whose native charms
Excel what fancy ever drew;
Where, shelter'd in retirement's arms,
Contentment sweetly rests—adieu!

And thou, romantic, straw-roof'd cot,
Whose walls are from dissension free,
The hours shall never be forgot—
The happy hours I've pass'd in thee.

Where Hospitality presides,
And pours from Plenty's copious horn;

Where

Where unaffected Worth resides,
And festive Mirth gilds every morn.

Oh! may they long exert their power,
Long guard from ill this blest retreat;
And ever thro' Life's chequer'd hour
With smiles of peace its owners greet.

And may no blast e'er rend these trees,
Or spoil this garden's gaudy bloom;
But the soft shower and gentle breeze
Preserve its colour and perfume!

Ah me! I must no more delay,
For, see the swelling sails in view;
The wind propitious chides my stay,
Romantic cot, again adieu!

ODE *to* CANDOUR.

By Dr. DOWNMAN.

OH lovely virgin! thee of yore
To Manly-sense, Good-humour bore,
Whom, with the wood-nymphs, he espied
Sporting on Ladon's flowery side,
While simple Nature was rever'd,
And Truth the sylvan altar rear'd.
There with the Graces didst thou stray,
Who, smitten with thy infant play,
Gave thee a robe of purest white
A girdle of transparent light:
Till now mature, with blushes chaste,
They join'd thy willing hand to taste,
He led thee to th' Aonian mount,
Where bathing in the lucid fount,
Thou sought'st with speed the hallow'd quire,
And heard'st with joy Apollo's lyre.
Each muse attun'd her sweetest lays,
Intent to share thy heart-felt praise.
Soft inmate of the soul refin'd!
To modest merit never blind!
Whose lips are always slow to blame,
Whose warm applause is more than fame.

'Proud in its lone retreat to ſpy
Virtue which ſhuns the illiberal eye,
To ſave from error's partial gloom,
And bid deſert its rank aſſume;
Whom Envy views with look malign,
And ſhrinking, owns thy power divine;
Whom haſty Cenſure's flippant train,
And bigot Spleen, aſſail in vain;
Before whom Malice ſtands confeſt,
Howe'er by Wit or Fancy dreſs'd;
Oh heed thy ſuppliant's humble prayer!
Do thou, Oh goddeſs, ſtill be near!
From Falſhood and from Flattery free,
Still may his boſom glow with thee!

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ADVICE *to the* ENGLISH ORATOR.

By Mr. POLWHELE.

GIFTED with previous knowledge to diſcuſs
The multifarious ſubjects that require
Deliberative ſkill; o'er Britain's iſle
Extend thy cares, redreſs her wrongs, diſcloſe
The internal ſources of her wealth, and roll
Thro' broader channels its diffuſive tide.
Oft too, with accurate attention watch
The empire's hoary fabric! See where clings
Corruption, mining deep its maſſy ſtrength
With ſlow corroſive canker; nor remit
Thine efforts to deſtroy the deadly bane.
Such the high province of the great and good
Thro' many a reign; tho' oft their fancy glow'd
With idle projects and amuſive ſchemes
Utopian; tho' their fond chimeric fear
Flutter'd o'er weltering Albion as foredoom'd
To ſatiate many a harpy with her blood.
Yet, arm'd with no preparatory ſkill
In legal ſcience; ah! beware the laugh
Which ſcarce "the proud philoſopher can ſcorn!"
Truſt not to plain integrity alone,
To plain unculturd talents.